THE ENGLISH GIRL. W. S. Gilbert in "Utopia." W. S. Gilbert in "Utopia."
wonderful joy our eyes to bless,
her magnificent comeliness,
an English girl of eleven stone two,
d five foot ten in her dancing shoe!
he follows the hounds, and on she pounds—
The "field" tails off and the muris diminishtyer the hedges and brooks she bounds
straight as a crow from find to finish.
I cricket her kin will lose or win—
he and her maids, on grass and clover,
leven maids out—eleven maids in—
And perhaps an occasional "maiden over"!
search the world and search the sea,
en come you home and sing with me
ere's no such gold and no such pear!
a bright and beautiful English girl!

OUT OF STEP.

IN THE STUDIO.

Copyright; 1893: By The Tribune Association. Mrs. Gerry remained silent before the easel. She appeared to be looking at the picture resolutely. But she knew that it would be difficult to withdraw her eyes from it. She was afraid. Into her strong nature had penetrated a strange fear of which she could not yet divest berself. It seemed to her like a miracle that a stranger had been able to dive into her daughter's nature, and then to put that nature upon

Mrs. Bradford must be possessed of wonderful gifts. What Mrs. Gerry would have hidden from all the world this woman's mind had openly displayed. But what a drawing, holding nower the picture had! How innocent it looked! And yet there was a hint of possibilities in it. Mrs. Gerry had an impulse to shield Salome from something which the portrait suggested.

"I am very sorry this has been done," she said, with an earnestness that had something of austerity in it.

"You must blame me," Mrs. Bradford has ened to say. "I asked permission, and Mrs. Moore was so kind as to grant it. I wish you would not feel badly about it. You see the child looked so happy; it was so lovely to meet such a person! Do you think I did wrong?" and Mrs. Bradford could not help adding, "and do you really think I have succeeded?"

Succeeded? Oh, yes. I wish you had not. I wish you had not thought of this thing. I-I can't get over it."

Mrs. Gerry, with marked decision of manner. walked away from the easel, and sat down with her back to it. She folded her hands in her lap, and looked straight ahead of her. She was already thinking that she had said too much, that she had displayed too much feeling.

Her hostess remained for a moment by the picture, but she glanced at the woman sitting there. Mrs. Bradford was asking herself why she was so unusually interested. Perhaps it was partly because her own girlhood was strongly recalled by something in Mrs. Gerry's aspect and manner. The low-ceiled rooms, the fields, the hills, the sky, the dear desolation of the country in fall and winter, all came back to the artist's memory with a distinctness which made her heart beat more swiftly.

She was not given to too much demonstration, but just now she was tempted to go to Mrs. Gerry, to kneel by her side and put her arms about her. She was dimly aware that there must be something stirring and dramatic in the history of that girl whose portrait she had just painted. She wondered if she should ever know that history. It did not appear, however, that Mrs. Moore knew much of the world, or had passed through many different experiences; there was a touching freshness in the face, and the outlook of that face.

Impelled by an increasing interest, Mrs. Bradford, rather wondering at herself, crossed the fore it. floor to Mrs. Gerry's side and placed her hand on the woman's shoulder.

'Don't be so troubled!" she said softly. Mrs. Gerry looked up quickly. The sympathy and the trustworthiness in the face bending

down to her seemed to weaken her, as one ap pears to weaken when a tension is relaxed. But she tried instantly to brace herself again.

"I guess, perhaps. I'm one that borrows troushe said. "I don't know why I should feel like talking some to you, when you are a stranger. I haven't been quite well for a week or two, and I've slept poorly and dreamed so much. That's why I decided to come in and see Salome. I began to worry about her more than common. But this must be very uninteresting

Mrs. Gerry opened a little hag she carried drew her handkerchief from it and wiped her lips carefully, keeping the handkerchief in its

"On the contrary," responded Mrs. Bradford emphatically, "it is very interesting to me. And don't you know one is often tempted to speak freely to a stranger who is in sympathy?" "Yes," said Mrs. Gerry, looking up, "that must be so."

She said nothing more, though her companion waited expectantly for a moment. Then Mrs. Bradford spoke again.

"I cannot imagine why you should worry about your daughter, unless it be that too much happiness always makes one anxious."

Mrs. Gerry put her hands, in their black kid gloves, over the little bag. There was some wistfulness in her eyes as she raised them to

Mrs. Bradford. "I don't know what it is," she said, going back to a former thought, "that makes me

want to talk with you. I don't have anybody to talk to, anyway. I never thought I was one of the kind that confided much in folks." A sudden pang came to the heart of the younger woman. She could not speak immedi-

ately. But in a moment she said: "Do you care to have me tell you that I am sure it is safe, as safe as for you to tell your-

self, to talk to me, if you feel to do so?" The speaker was conscious of a certain electric stir in the mental atmosphere that surrounded them. The other did not speak for a time, and Mrs. Bradford kept silence. She drew a chair near and sat down. She had a wish to be close to her guest. Curiously, the years between her own life in the country and the present time seemed to roll away, leaving her a girl at the farmhouse, with her heart full

of eager, unformed ambitions and enthusiasms. want to ask you," now said Mrs. Gerry, "if my daughter has talked much of herself to you. She is rather strange about that; sometimes she is so frank that she frightens me. She doesn't see things as I do. I've been afraid that I didn't bring her up right. Has she talked much to you about herself, I mean?"

The mother was visibly relieved.

'She has-well, she has peculiar ideas," she said after a little silence. Then with some abruptness, "Mrs. Bradford, how much do you

The other did not reply immediately. She hardly knew what to say. She saw that the subject was of intense interest to her companion. At last she answered rather unsatisactorily that she believed a great deal in it.

"But, of course," said Mrs. Gerry quickly, "I suppose you don't think anything short of inanity can take away our responsibility? We are put here to choose, you know. We choose just as we please; and we have to suffer the sequences. . One choice often changes our lives, puts us in another road, you know. I hope you'll excuse me, but I've thought and thought until sometimes it almost seems as if thought until sometimes it almost seems as if you, Mrs. Bradford. You'll think it's foolish,

I couldn't think any more. Only I keep right on."

"You ought not to be so much alone," said Mrs. Bradford. And then she continued rather hurriedly, "You are worried because your daughter inherits something you don't like from some ancestor of whom you do not approve. Yes, I understand. And you think if you had brought her up right you might have eradicated some tendencies. Now I'm sure you brought her up right, so far as faith and honor and integrity are concerned. I'm sure of it. But she has some strain of-of, what shall I call it?-the tropics, the laxness which goes with that strain sometimes. You couldn't eradicate that, and you don't understand that any more than you understand Greek. But there it is. And it's mixed up with the New-England part of her nature. And, you see, I'm frank-I think the Southern warmth and glow, and may I say conscienceless part of her, are fast getting

the supremacy. "Don't think she has talked to me, but I have watched her face with an interest so keen that I cannot describe it to you. If you sometimes painted portraits, Mrs. Gerry, you would know how much may be learned from the study of a face. And let me tell you that I cannot imagine how any one can be with your daughter without loving her. She has, in a phenome nal degree, that utterly mysterious something which wins love. It is something that is not dependent upon character, and which nobody has yet been able to analyze. People put names to the quality, but the names amount to

nothing. "Am I giving you quite a lecture, Mrs. Gerry? Pardon me, then. I don't think I can quite make you know what a hold Mrs. Moore has obtained over my heart and my imagination. I don't know what it is; she seizes you, she appeals to you. She makes you think of he

As Mrs. Bradford spoke thus, with an increasing warmth, Mrs. Gerry leaned toward her as if drawn by the intensity of her feeling.

But when the speaker ceased the elder woman, instead of yielding to that feeling, drew herself up and away. She brought her pale face into greater control. She was always fearing that she would not have herself entirely in hand.

"I know I think of her continually," she said. "but then," with a smile, "I'm her mother. I suppose I ought not to feel so hurt that you've found out that Salome isn't one who hasn't much conscience. But it does hurt me. It keeps hurting me."

She was not appealing in the least for sympathy. She was stating a fact, and stating it in a way so that it should be plain. She had never before talked quite like this to any human being. She had said a few words to her minister on that night when Salome was married. Now she was already beginning to fear that she had yielded to a weakness. It was surely a weakness not to keep troubles to yourself. Some people were always talking about their troubles. One became very weary of such people. Perhaps Mrs. Bradford, who seemed so kind, was weary of her now.

"Salome has told you of no events in her life?" she asked suddenly.

Mrs. Gerry rose. She was thinking that she had been weak and foolish to come to Boston because of dreams. It must be that she was really losing something of her self-control.

"I'm afraid Salome is detained somewhere," she remarked, "and I'm keeping you. You have been very good."

"You are not keeping me against my will," was the reply. "I'm so interested, Mrs. Gerry. You are not going? Please stay until your daughter comes."

Mrs. Gerry stood hesitating. "I don't know as I ought," she responded. "I'm glad I've seen you, Mrs. Bradford. It's done me good. I'm trying not to worry."

The speaker gazed about the room. avoided looking at the easel. But at last she said deprecatingly that she must be getting childish if she couldn't look calmly at some colors put on canvas.

Having spoken thus she advanced to a place in front of the portrait and stood absorbed

"It hasn't got my grandfather's features, and it hasn't got his color," she said, "but it has his very look-his very look. There's no Ware and no Gerry in it."

"Was your grandfather a bad man?" Mrs. Bradford ventured to put this question.

"He hadn't any principle," replied Mrs. Gerry. He never did anything just because it was He didn't care for right. He only right. cared to love and to be loved, and to have the weather warm and sunny." "People loved him?"

"Oh, yes. You had to love him. You couldn't reason at all about it; you had to love him." Mrs Bradford smiled. "We don't reason much as to love," she said.

"No; but it is a good thing when reason approves of a love." Mrs. Gerry spoke with more emphasis than

usual. Soon she turned to her companion. "Salome tells me that you know Mrs. Darrah and Miss Nunally."

This seemed to the woman addressed to b an irrelevant remark, and she wondered at it. "I have met them," she answered. She thought that her companien looked at her with some wistfulness, but she could not help her

"Have you talked with them much?" "Oh, no," in great surprise. "I have had no opportunity."

"But you will have, you certainly will have. Here Mrs. Gerry's perplexity was so plainly evident that Mrs. Bradford suddenly took her

hand and held it clesely. "Does it annoy you that I may see those

people?" she asked. "I can't help things. I can't help things." said Mrs. Gerry, "and what I can't help I ought to leave; I must just leave it all." She fixed her eyes on her companion's face. "But I do wish that when you come to hear Mrs. Darrah-I don't know what she will say-but when you come to hear her-won't you judge as kindly as you can? It's so strange, but I care a great deal that you should judge kindly. And since you have been able to find out some of my child's tendencies and to put them in her

things ---Mrs. Gerry stopped abruptly. There was a sound at the door, and Salome

portrait, perhaps you will consider all these

entered. She came forward quickly, her presence shedding a kind of glow in the studio. She gave her hand to Mrs. Bradford, then she said that she hoped her mother had not given her up, but that she had met Miss Nunally at Chandler's and Miss Nunally had insisted upon having help in selecting some kind of a spring wrap. "As if I could help a woman like her!" concluded Salome with a laugh. "And what does mother think of the portrait? Why"-her face

changing-"is there anything wrong?" "No, no," Mrs. Bradford hastened to say, "nothing. But your mother and I have had a little talk, and she owns that she is sorry I undertook to paint your portrait."

"What? Doesn't she think it's a likeness?"

in surprise. "The likeness is too good," said Mrs. Gerry. "And now if you are ready, Salome, we will go. If your husband wants the portrait I've nothing to say. I guess I must be kind of oldfashioned, but somehow I don't quite approve of having your real self put like that for anybody to look at."

Mrs. Gerry shook hands in a formal mann with Mrs. Bradford, and in answer to that lady's remark that she would like to call upon her before she left town, she repfled that she had made up her mind to go out home that

but I feel better some way. Only," scrupu-lously, "I don't think it's a good plan to paint such a portrait as that."

Then mother and daughter went into the street and walked along almost in silence to the

Mrs. Gerry took her few belongings. She re-Mrs. Gerry took her few belongings. She re-fused to allow her daughter to order a carriage. She said there was no need of such expense. They went in a trolley car to a corner near the station. Mrs. Gerry was always afraid in a trolley car, but she had never mentioned that fear to any one. She was keenly aware of her ignorance concerning all that pertained to the motive power of these vehicles, and she was deeply thankful when she was on the sidewalk again.

But the moment of parting with her daugh-But the moment of parting with her daughter was one of anguish to her. She could not reason herself out of this suffering, try as she would. It was always so when she left Salome. She had to undergo that wrenching of the heart. For years she had tried to school herself against this, and all her endeavors had been fruitless. She often wondered at this, and at her entire lack of success. She argued that she ought to be able to do what was reasonable. It was reasonable to feel only a moderate sorrow at leaving Salome, who was coming to her in a few days.

in a few days.

But there was nothing moderate in this longing to take the child in her arms and hold her

fast.
"I wish 'twas so you saw a good deal of Mrs.
Bradford," said Mrs. Gerry, as the two stood
waiting for the gate to open that the passengers might take their places in the train.

"So do I," was the answer. Then Salome put her hand down and found her mother's hand, which was hanging by her

side.

"Are you worrying, mcther?" in a tremulous voice. "You needn't. I'm happy. You've no idea how good Randolph is!"

Mrs. Gerry smiled.

"I know that; I'm not worrying about Randolph to the large good."

"I know that; I'm not worrying about Randolph's not being good."
"It's about me, then? But you needn't. There goes the gate. I want to see you seated."
Salome lingered, standing in the aisle by her mother. She bent over her and assured her again that there was nothing to worry about.
"You ought to be content, since I'm so happy," she repeated. "But I shall be happier when it is warm weather, and I am out in the country all the time with you."

she repeated. But I shim to the country all the time with you."

"Salome," said Mrs. Gerry, "you think too much of happiness."

"Oh. no," was the answer, with assurance; "I'm right about some things, mother. Let us think of the long, hot summer days which are coming, and that we shall be together. And in the fall we shall go South. I like to dream about that."

"Don't stay here any longer," said the elder "Don't stay here any longer," said the elder woman, anxiously; "you'll get carried off."
People were hurrying in. Salome kissed her mother. She left the car and stood outside by the window, looking up at her until the train started. Mrs. Gerry gazed at the siender figure with the radiant face until she could see it no longer. Then she sat upright, pressed her lips closely together, and maintained her position until she left the car at her own station.

She was walking toward the public carriage which met this train to take passengers into her neighborhood, when some one close to her said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Gerry, are you going It was Walter Redd.
"Is that you, Walter? Yes, I'm going right

"Do let me take you, then; my horse and buggy are right here."

Mrs. Gerry would rather have gone by herself, but presently she was sitting beside him in

self, but presently she was sitting beside him in
the buggy.
"I s'pose you've been to see Salome?" he remarked, after a few moments of silence.
Redd never voluntarily spoke of Salome to
any one save her mother.
"Yes, I got worried somehow, and I couldn't
wait till the time for her to come out."
Mrs. Gerry was more outspoken with Walter
than with any one whom she saw among her
neighbors.

neighbors.
"I hope she's well," stiffly.

"Oh, yes; and happy, Walter." Here a little estation. "I'm sure we ought to be thankful hesitation. "I'm sure we ought to be that that she's so happy."
"I know it. If it'll only last. But if it de-

"I know it. If it'll only last. But if it depends on Moore—"
Redd did not finish his sentence. He had never forgiven Moore for what he believed was his descrition of Salome in Florida.

"Walter, you judge Moore all wrong. I can't explain, but you do."

"You needn't try to blind me about that fellow," he replied, with a kind of cold savageness. "I was taken in by him at first, but you can't pull the wool over my eyes a second time. I know what he's done. Did'nt he leave Salome? Then didn't he get engaged to that other girl? Then didn't he come back here and jilt the other girl, and so marry Salome out of hand? It beats me that you can stand up for him." up for him."
"You don't understand," said Mrs. Gerry.
"You don't understand. But

"No, that's a fact, I don't understand. But one thing I'm mighty sure of, and that is that one thing I'm mighty sure of, and that is that the time 'il come when she'll see that man as he really is. He's got something about him that makes folks like him, I know that very well. But I'm not going to talk of him any more to-night. I don't know when I've mentioned him before."

When he helped Mrs. Gerry from the carriage in front of the dark little house on the ledge where she still lived, he stood by his horse instead of entering the buggy immediately.

"Mrs. Gerry," he said. Then he stopped. She "Mrs. Gerry," he said. Then he stopped. She waited beside him. "Mrs. Gerry, I want you to think as well of me as you can. I'd rather you'd think well of me than any other woman I know, except one. Some way I ain't myself any more. I don't care for anything, really—I didn't know I was so weak."

"Do try to overcome this."

Mrs. Gerry looked at the teil, strong figure beside her. She repeated her words with an almost tender emphasis.

"You needn't think I'm whining round to other people," he exclaimed with some fierce-

"You needn't think I'm whining round to other people," he exclaimed with some fierceness. "And I know you mean well when you tell me to overcome it. Only I can't do it."

"Yes, you can; but it will take time."

"It'll take all my life. Is she coming out here

"Yes."
"Then I'll clear out. I won't run the risk of necting her. That's more than I could en-

"But your farm, Walter-"
"Oh, I'll let that; I'll do something. Well, good night."
He put his foot on the step. Then he turned

He put his toot on the step. Then he tended back.

"Shake hands with me, Mrs. Gerry. I'm always ever so much better for sceing you. You brace me up. Good night."

He wrung the woman's hand. He jumped into the carriage and drove away.

Mrs. Gerry went into the empty house. She fumbled through the kitchen to the shelf where the lamps stood and lighted one. Then she sat down and looked around the solitary room.

"It's no use trying to find out why things are so," she was thinking. "And it isn't necessary for us to know, either. We can just live along, one day at a time; and have faith in Him—have faith in Him."

Her face relaxed from its setness as she repeated that phrase, for the phrase meant something to her.

She had taken off her gloves and was slowly smoothing them as they lay on her knee. She

she had taken on her gloves and was slowly smoothing them as they lay on her knee. She was glad she had come home to-night. She could not stay at the hotel with Salome; and the child was so happy she did not need her. If she had needed her—here the woman's face worked the state of the salome in the salome in

she had needed her—here the woman's face melted still more.

"Salome is living her life now," she was thinking. "I've lived mine. I'm getting old. I'm not for myself any more. I'm just Salome's mother now. And the child loves me so much. That's the sweetness there is left for me. There never was a child in the world that made love so sweet, never."

Suddenly Mrs. Gerry put her hands over her face; there were tears in her eyes.

She had not taken off her bonnet nor her cloak. The fire had long since gone out and the house was cold.

Presently she began to feel the chill.

She rose and quickly put on her everyday clothes. She hurried and made a fire. In half an hour she was sitting at the little round table where she and Salome used to sit together. She was drinking some tea and eat-

gether. She was drinking some tea and eating a piece of toasted bread. She was thinking that if Salome ever kept house she should probably live with her; but she was sure that she was too old to try to learn to live in hotels.

Perhaps the tea and the warmth cheered her. When she rose to wash her plate When she rose to wash her plate and cup and saucer she was looking fetward to the Saturday when Salome would be with her for two days; and she was reproving herself for those tears. She dared not think much about the tears, however, for she might find it impossible to keep more from coming. tears, however, for she might find it impossible to keep more from coming. In Boston, Salome had hurried away from the

station, going up the street with that carriage which is so aptly described as "walking upon If she had thought of the matter she we have thought that she really did not need the support of the earth for her feet. She could have flown easily enough—only it was not the

custom to fly.

She was somewhat sad, as in her mind she She was somewhat sad, as in her mind she went with her mother into the country and arrived at the cottage where no one awaited her. But this sagness was only sufficient to bring into greater relief the abounding joy in her heart. And on Saturday she should be with her mother again. She and Randoiph, She wished that she could persuade her mother

to live with her all the time; but since she could not—
She walked on, finding a delightful exhibitange she had known then be the she had known the time.

to live with her all the time; but could not—
She walked on, finding a delightful exhilaraShe walked on, finding a delightful exhilaration in the mere movement. She had known tion in the mere movement. She had known not, after all, imagined anything at once so subtle and so sufficient.

Randolph had gone to New-York, but he would be back before dinner. If she hurried she could reach the Albany station in time to meet him.

She went on still faster. The train was just coming in. She stood at the entrance, where coming in the cars. She walted to pour along from the cars. She walted to pour along from the cars. She walted to pour along from the ragainst the keen wind that rushed through the place. She did not notice how nearly every one gave her a glance of interest—a kind of light glance, as of pleasure in the sight of her.

There he was. She made a step forward, then restrained herself, for Moore was not alone. A man with a serious, incisive sort of a face was beside him, and talking with him.

Salome knew immediately that it was Dr. Jennings, the surgeon whom the country physician had summoned when Moore had been injured. She had not seen him since that time, and that time now seemed years ago to her, there had been so much happiness crowded into the months since.

Moore was not expecting to see his wife at

months since.

Moore was not expecting to see his wife at the station, and now, as she looked again at the surgeon, she shrank from meeting him. She had been conscious of a certain hostility, not in his bearing, but in himself. She had not liked the way his eyes had probed her, as if in his bearing, but in himself. She had not liked the way his eyes had probed her, as if the giance had been one of his keenest instruments. Now she was aware of a distinct distrust, and of a distinct wish that Randolph should not know that man. But at the same time she knew that these feelings were silly, and she made an effort to stifle them. She could not quite resolve to turn away and not meet her husband, since he was not alone. While she was trying to resolve to do so Moore saw her, his face grew radiant, and he lifted his hat.

"There's my wife now," he said quickly to

s nat.
"There's my wife now," he said quickly to

his hat.

"There's my wife now," he said quickly to his companion. "Come, let me present you."

"Where?" asked Dr. Jennings. "Do you mean that lady who is smiling at you?"

"Yes; of course. Come."

"But did you marry her?" inquired the surgeon, in a surprise he did not try to conceal, and with a stress on the final pronoun.

Moore turned toward him. There was a little haughtiness in his manner as he said:
"Certainly; I married Miss Gerry."

"Do pardon me," the other rejoined hastily.
"But I lost all track of you, though you were such an interesting 'case.' You see I went abroad very soon, and have only returned a week ago. It will give me a great deal of pleasure to be presented to Mrs. Moore."

The two men approached Salome, who had remained standing in the same place.

She was slightly more pale than usual when Dr. Jennings made his bow to her, and there was something like resentment in her heart when she met his gaze which was coldly questioning.

But his manner was suave enough as he

manner was suave enough as he But his manner was suave enough as he stood a few moments talking commonplaces.

When he had left them neither Salome nor Moore spoke directly. They walked out into the street in the direction of their hotel. The gladness in the woman's heart was chilled, and she was-trying to recover the warmth and joy with which she had started out.

As for Moore, he looked down inquiringly at the face near him. He was groping after some solution of this sudden discomfort. He was conscious also of a suspicion of impatience. He was so happy to be back again that he could not bear to come into any cloud.

He was so happy to be back again that he could not bear to come into any cloud. It was he who spoke first.

"Odd, wasn't it," he said, "that I should happen to run upon that fellow?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I don't know how you could know him."

happen to run upon that fellow?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I don't know how you could know him."

"Oh, as to that, I didn't know him. How should I? It was at Springfield that he came into my car. He had a chair just across the aisle from me. I didn't notice him at first. I thought he was reading, and I was reading too. All at once I became conscious that some-body was staring at me. I had a sort of unceasy feeling as one will have when some one is fixedly gazing at one. Why, Salome, am I paining you in any way?"

"No, no; go on. But Dr. Jennings doesn't strike me as a man with a human heart; he is just a piece of mechanism, with the unerring skill of mechanism. I suppose."

"Well, I don't know about his heart; he has mind enough, any way. His mind is as sharp as a knife," said Moore. "I wondered why he found me so interesting. I tried to keep on reading, but I couldn't do it. Still I did manage to continue to appear to keep on. After a few moments I heard him say, 'I beg your pardon. But were you injured on the head some months ago, in the country?" At that I was interested enough you may believe. Salome"—suddenly stopping in his narrative and looking down tenderly at the woman on his arm—"you must not have any more feeling as regards that tenderly at the woman on his arm—"you must not have any more feeling as regards that time. Really I forbid it; I won't stand it. You are my wife now. Won't that content you? It ought. Let the past get itself buried any way it can. You are mine now. If you were not, I should be the most miserable creature in the world."

"You really think so?" with a somewhat

"You really think so: With a somewhat tremulous smile.
"I know it. And what is more, you can't help knowing that I know it. Don't you think you are a very exacting person, Mrs. Moore?"
"Yes; I'm sure of it. And I'm not going to keep this up. But, Randolph, I do want to be a blessing to you—you just thought I was a blessing to you, didn't you?" looking up at

him.

"I think I intimated as much."

"Very well. Now go on with your little story. What did that herrible doctor say to you?"

"Perhaps he is horrible: I'll own that there seems something a trifle uncanny about him. I acknowledged to him that I did get a hard blow. Yea, he said, he knew me directly, and he was interested to ask how I came out, and all that. I told him I came out all right; and would he kindly tell me who he was? He said his name was Jennings. Then I knew that he must be the man who dealt with my skull that time. I tried to express my gratitude to him, but he said there was no occasion, that it was all in the way of business; and he had been grently interested in my case. He called it a very striking instance of—well. I'll think of the word in a minute. It's a word I never heard before, and I wouldn't care to remember it only it was applied to my own skull, you see, so that him.
"I think I intimated as much."

before, and I wouldn't care to remember it enly it was applied to my own skull, you see, so that makes it seem important."

Moore laughed in such a happy and infectious way that Salome joined him. His healthy, wholesome nature, his warmth of temperament, his love for her seemed now to Salome more dear than ever. She could hear him relate the remainder of his interview with that surgeon without any of that uncomfortable emotion which she had just experienced. Besides, perhaps it was best for her to be able to hear that time mentioned, and to speak of it.

ne mentioned, and to speak of it.
"What else did he say?" she asked. "Not much. He asked me if I was married." "I'm sure he thought you married Miss Nu-ally," said Salome.
"What makes you think that?" inquired Moore quickly.
"I don't know, exactly. Only he was greatly surprised when he saw me. He had expected t see some one else."

"Oh, Low sharp women are!" exclaimed (To be continued.)

FAUNA THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION. From The Melbourne Argus.

From The Melbourne Argus.

Unless strict measures are taken in the immediate future the native fauna of Victoria will soon become extinct. The retierated complaint to the Customs Department is that of "wanton destruction." Such unique specimens as the piatypus and the lyre bird are already very rare, and, if the present state of things continues, their total disappearance will be a matter of but a few years. The police have frequently reported the fact of lyre birds having been shot in the ranges, and also the sale of the tails, but, through inability to prove the actual killing of the birds, they have not succeeded in having offenders punished. The Roval Acclimatization Society has now addressed the Minister of Trade and Customs on the subject, and points out that in one shop alone in Melbourne twenty lyre birds' tails have been displayed for sale at one time, and that as the bens lay as a rule off destruction must soon extinguish the species. It is further mentioned that the bird has an inveterate enemy in the fox, and that sixteen tails were recently found near a foxes' lair in the ranges. Protection should certainly be afforded to the lyrebird and the platypus, and even the kangaroo unless he is also to become extinct.

CURIOUS ROCKS IN MASHONALAND. From The London Daily News.

From The London Daily News.

A characteristic feature of Mashonaland, it kopie, is frequently mentioned in the dispatch reporting the engagements with the Matabet Some descriptions of these curious elevations given in a letter to Professor Gelidie, from M. J. B. Den, formerly one of his papils. A unifor granite formation is, he says, by far the me prominent geological peculiarity of Mashonalai and, indeed, of most of the interior of South A rica. Sometimes it rises into mountains, but us ally the general level is only broken by low kopie and in those parts where the bed-rock and surfa are flattest the kopies present the most singula appearance. The whole country seems dotted will huge curbstones, and in whichever direction yo look they gradually close in ane view, as the train of trees would in a forest. Some of these curstones are 200 feet or more high, sheer all roun and hyparently of smaller diameter than held: Sometimes the original mass has been so brok up as to form the most marvellous steeple-lift structures springing out of the rich foliage the grows in all the crevices. Native huts are but on these kopies in the most maccessible position

ENGLISH ANIMAL PAINTING-MR. NETTLESHIP'S PASTELS OF WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS-SOME WATER COLORS-MR. BURNE-JONES AND

HIS LOST PICTURE-A MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN IN LONDON.

The Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design comes to an end in less than a fortnight. It is not alone the principal show now open, but in some respects is unlikely to be equalled by any other during the contract of the co during the entire winter. The beauty and rarity of the antique terra-cottas, porcelains and bronzes cannot be too frequently commended to the public and our first and last word in this preliminary and not overcrowded portion of the season is a reitera-tion of the opinion that no one should miss seeing the collection. Next Thursday an exhibition of pic tures may be expected to open at the Union League Club, the first in a monthly series which is sure to be delightful if it is anything like those held in the past by the club. The first monthly meeting of the Groller Club has been held. It brought forth not pictures, but bindings, which will be accessible to the public between 10 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. every day until the 11th. Visitors presenting cards of members will be admitted. It is announced by the New-York Water Color Club that works for the fourth annual exhibition must be delivered at the Fifty-eighth-st. entrance of the American Fine Arts Society's Building on Saturday and Monday, November 11 and 13. The exhibition will open November 29 and close December 8. The Sherborn and Zorn exhibition at the Keppel gallery will open to-

It is curious to watch the development of natu

ralism among English painters. They are not, as a school, in sympathy with the movement to which their own Constable contributed such immense impetus. They study nature industriously and give in their landscapes particularly a version of her that is often veracious, but it is rarely that they transfer her energy, as it were, to canvas. Nature sometimes breatnes in their pictures; she is seldom dramatic or impetuous there. This fact is noticed especially in their studies of animals. Landseer, whose talents were hardly more than respectable was totally without nervous force in his art, and has yet been a tradition in England for years. His successor in public estimation to-day is Briton Riviere, who has a trifle more vitality, but is still cold, still a kind of sublimated mediocrity. Only two contemporary Englishmen have drawn animals well, J. M. Swan and J. T. Nettleship. in various oil paintings and water colors of lions and tigers. He is a brilliant artist, perhaps the finest of animal painters since Barye. Of Mr. Nettleship's calibre Americans are for the first time given an opportunity to judge by an exhibition of pastels at the Wunderlich gallery. They are presented as having been studied from the life, and the best testimony to their merit is that they convey an impression as of such an origin in-stantly. Mr. Nettleship is uneven. In No. 12, "Herd Shikii Silk-6x9 ft. of Wapiti Deer," and No. 35, "Caribou Stag," his contours are inflexible, the touch is hard. There is a possibility, however, that the defects in these frawings may have sprung from comparative un admiration for it. In his studies of black bears, for example, he is astonishingly faithful and clever. In all of these he is strong as to texture and tone, and in one, No. 6, "Grizzly Bear Travelling," he has caught the accent of powerful, oncoming movement, and caught it supremely well. Look at the foreshortening of the unwieldy bear in No. 1, and the control of the unwieldy bear in No. 2, and the control at the furry quality which he obtains in all his tudy and a genuine faculty for expression. With the anatomy and characteristics of the great cats of the forest Mr. Nettleship shows equal familiarity, equal power in handling them, but a shade less charm. There is in his pictures of lions, tigers, jaguars and panthers just as much science, perhaps just as much feeling, as in his bear pictures, but they are not so spontaneous nor finished as the latter. This, though, it will perceived, is a criticism having to do with relative degrees of merit. Litheness, elasticity, reserve power and the strange quivering motion of the feline race are expressed with abundant skill in pictures of lions such as Nos. 7, 17 and 21, and in studies of tigers like No. 2, one of the best color arrangements Mr. Nettleship has produced. This artist is not an original colorist, but he has taste, is simple and even rich in some of his pictures (in the tiger study just mentioned, for instance), and, what is perhaps of most importance, handles his difficult medium with mastery. Pastel is difficult to manage, get really solid effects with, and the deep musical vibrations which are most to be desired. Used sometimes with great facility and brio, it appears medium for evanescent, atmospheric notes preeminently, and so it is, but it is also capable of vielding quality akin to that of an oil painting i the artist is capable. Mr. Nettleship is such an artist. He has delicacy when necessary (see Nos 42, 36 and 25, picturesque bird sketches), but he more often works with vigor and breadth. He is draughtsman whom it is pleasant to know. The carnivorse have movements and color, outlines and modulations of form, which are only a little less interesting than those of the human body. Hardly any one ever paints them ably, and Mr. Nettleship is one of the few who have "arrived." At the Knoedler Gallery there are fifteen or twenty water colors of Nuremberg and Rouen by

jects whose picturesqueness has attracted him and will attract others in his sketches. He has a frank, fluent manner, color that might be purer, but is at least bright and plausible, and, while his draw et least bright and plausion, and, while his draw-ing lacks crispness in details, like those of Gothic tracery, there is some snap in the general effect of his work. There is a very fine example of the beauty to be extracted from water color exhibited in this gallery, a picture of a staircase at the Villa d'Este by Martin Rico. The opportunity was a rare one, the great vilia at Tivoli being one of the very loveliest in all Italy, and Rico rose to it worthily. At his best Rico is a really great master of water-color painting. He has exquisite lightness combined with exquisite sureness of touch, color sense is refined, and in sentiment he is an Italian of the Italians, though he was born in Madrid. All the best qualities of his art are typified in the water color at Knoedler's. Facing it, as though to show how infelicitous he can be when he leaves his accustomed ground, is a sketch he made at Nuremberg. It is well done, of course, but the happy touch of the Tivoli picture is in this not to be discovered. The picture by Mr. Burne-Jones, "Love Among the Ruins," of which the destruction was announced by cable a few weeks since, is not, after all, to evanish utterly. It will leave an echo of its frail and hectic beauty in the shape of a replica It will be recalled that this work of art was ruined through the stupidity of a photographer, in

Mr. James Kinsella. He has treated with tolerable

adequacy a number of architectural and street sub-

whose hands it had been placed for reproduction. He supposed it an oil picture-it was executed in water color-and in the course of his preparations smeared it over with white of egg. The coating tones has still in his possession the notes and studies made for the work and has also a good memory. He has already started upon a replica. Concerning it, however, he wrote to a friend not long ago: "I might, indeed, in repeating the design, give some dexterity which was not in the first picture, but I should certainly lose the simpilcity which seemed to please people," By far the most interesting episode in current art activity in London lately has been the unveiling of a memerial fountain in bronze to Lord Shaftesbury, in Piccadilly Circus. It is the work of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, an English sculptor, whose beautiful work ought to be better known than it is in this country. The design comprehends an octagonal basin, surmounted by another of smaller dimensions but similar form, which is tistelf berne by a richly wrought base, decorated with marine motives and set well within the basic stage of the scheme. The whole terminates in a heavy finial, on which a winged genius is poised. English critics find the upper stage of the fountain neavy for the lower, the little wall built around the steps which laid up to it is objected to by the sculptor, who was apparently not consulted in regard to the detail, and there are many who think the monument is out of place in Piccailliy Circus. It is urged that it would look infinitely dier in a park. But as to the artistic value of the work there is only one opinion. It is lauded as a remarkable piece of sculpture, and judging from the illustrations given in the periodicals the universal approval is not to be disputed. The fountain is a bit rocco, but it is original and beautiful.

We have received from the F. Hanfstaens! Pubought to be better known than it is in this

bit recoec, but it is original and beautifut.

We have received from the F. Hanfstaengl Publishing Company a large photograph of a painting by the Russian Seimiradsky, an upright composition of classic figures sentimentalizing and billing in a scene of classic architecture and landscape. It makes a charming picture. Siemiradsky is afficied with a certain garishness and coarceness of color in his paintings, as any one could see from the enormous "Phryne" at the World's Fair, but he draws and composes well, is exceedingly graceful in style and feeling, and in such a reproduction as this fine photograph is decorative in the best sense of the word.



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Lined and inter-lined, heavily em-

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Lined and inter-lined. Heavy cord and tassel trimming, embroidered with blended colors of metal thread. White, Lt. Blue, Pink, \$125.00 each.

Chinese Satin-6x9 ft. Rich and heavy silk fringe completely covered with the very finest quality of gold embroidery. White, Lt. Blue,

\$250.00 each.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE. (Copyright, 1893, by Sam Walter Foss.) We've lived for forty years, dear wife,

And walked together side by side,
And you to-day are just as dear
As when you were my bride.
I've tried to make life glad for you,
One long sweet honeymoon of joy,
A dream of marital content
Without the least alloy.
I've smoothed all bowlders from our path,
That we in peace might toil along,
By always hastening to admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

No mad diversity of creed
Has ever sundered me from thee
For I permit you evermore
To borrow your ideas of me,
And thus it is, through weal or woe
Our love for evermore endures,
For I permit that you should take
My views and creeds and make tnem yours,
And thus I let you have my way.
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong.

And when our matrimonial skiff
Strikes snags in love's meandering stream
I lift our shallop from the rocks
And float as in a placid dream,
And well I know our marriage bliss
While life shall last will never cease,
For I shall always let thee do,
In generous love, just what I please.
Peace comes and discord flies away,
Love's bright day follows harred's night,
For I am ready to admit
That you are wrong and I am right.

Dear wife, when discord reared its head
And love's sweet light forgot to shine,
'Twes then I freely would permit
That thy will should'st conform to mine.
In all things, whether great or small,
In all life's path we've wandered through,
I've graciously let you perform
Just what I wanted you to do.
No altercation could destroy
The love that held us sure and strong,
For evermore would I admit
That I was right and you were wrong.

Sweet wedded love! O life of bliss!
Our years in peace have flown along.
For you admit that I was right,
And I admit that I was right,
No dogged stubbornness of soul
Has ever wrenched my heart from thine.
For thy will ever was my own—
Because thy will was always mine.
So sweet forgiveness crowns our years
And sheds on us its tender light;
For I admit that you are wrong,
And you admit that I am right.

SAM WALTER FOSS. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

From The Melbourne Argus.

From The Melbourne Argus.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandes—the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinzon Crusoe of romance, lived for so many years—is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore, and here now stands a little village of small hitts scattered round a long, low, one-storied building, with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilian Government, and the village is made up of a few German and Chilian femilies.

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arm of the sea on which it is situated, and where Alexander Seikirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about £200 a year. The rent is pail partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish, and raising cattle and vegetables, wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle need no care, and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and railshes, first shown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs, which completely overrun the island, depending for existence mainly unon seals. They are the descendants of a breed of doss left by the Spanlards.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a fow of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to thom, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years ago the Chilian Government thought that a good way to be rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilian soldiers, these poor wretches were made to diz caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back argain, however, and the caves have since been slowly crimbling away.

The marrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a big rocky h